Turbonegro, High On The Crime

When you're bored and you need a kick
When you're hot and your fingers itch
Don't wanna go to work again ever no more, boy
Every night when I'm on the prowl
My brain is burning then I want it all
Don't ever want to pay for anything anymore, boy
Just grab it 'cause it's yours and the empire's dying
Just grab the stuff and hit the door
And you'll be high on the crime, high on the crime Come on

so come on, come on
grab your booty and you're on the run
come on, come on
get your buzz on, and the heat is on

All you guards that I got out past
Tell your boss he can invoice my ass
The speed slow me down but I'm still smartest in my class, boy
Whatever
When your mommy is to cold to buy your pills
And your daddy ain't around to pay your bills
I've been hungry
But not enough to kill, boy
Just grab it 'cause it's yours and the empire's dying
Just grab the stuff and hit the door
And you'll be high on the crime, high on the crime
Come on

So come on, come on
Grab your booty and you're on the run
Come on, come on
Get your buzz on, and the heat is on
So come, on come on
Grab your booty and you're on the run
Come on, come on
Quick you dirty rat shake your buns